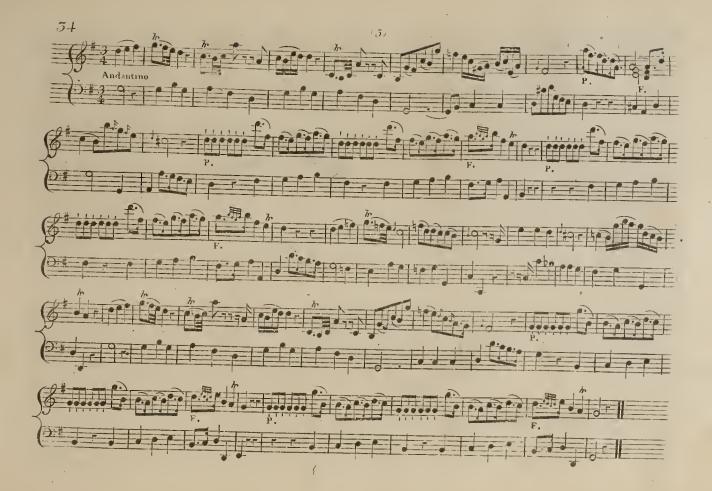
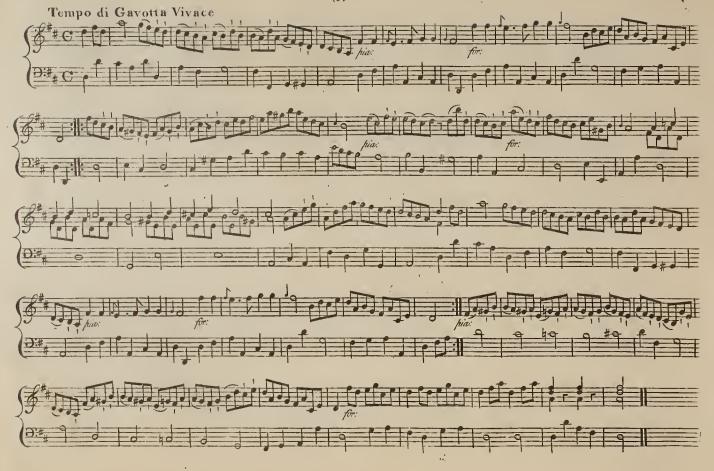


Sig! Abel

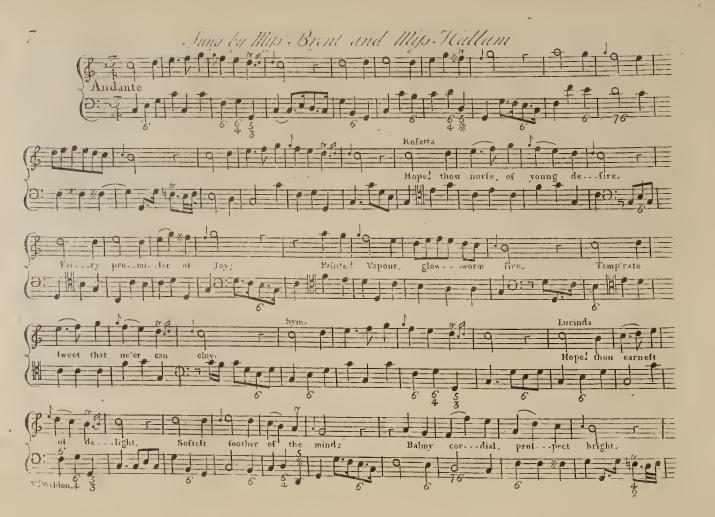






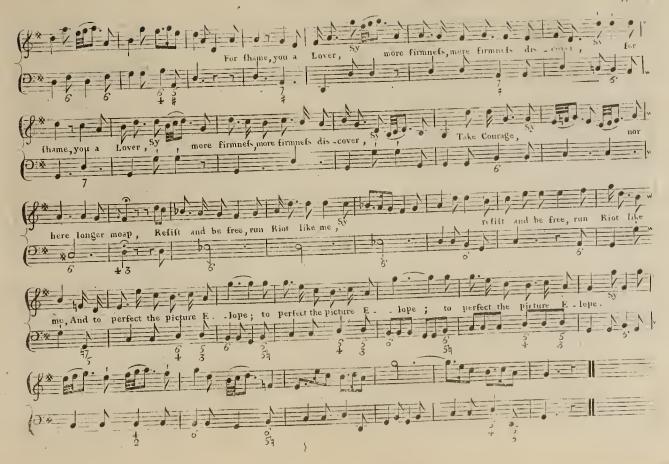


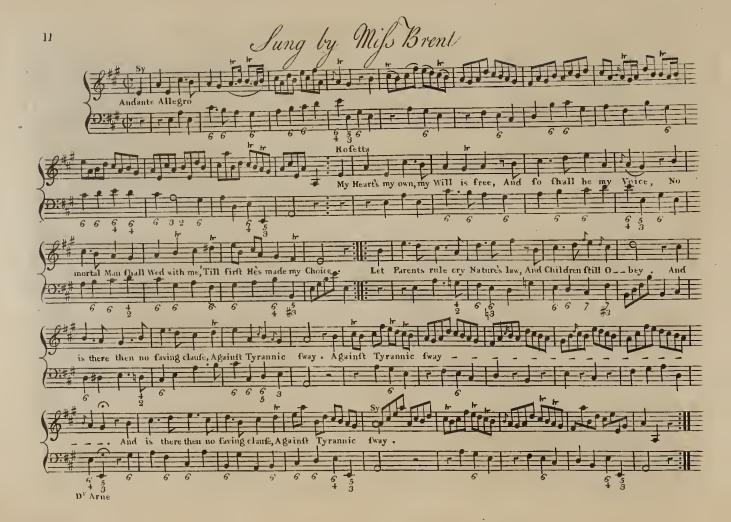


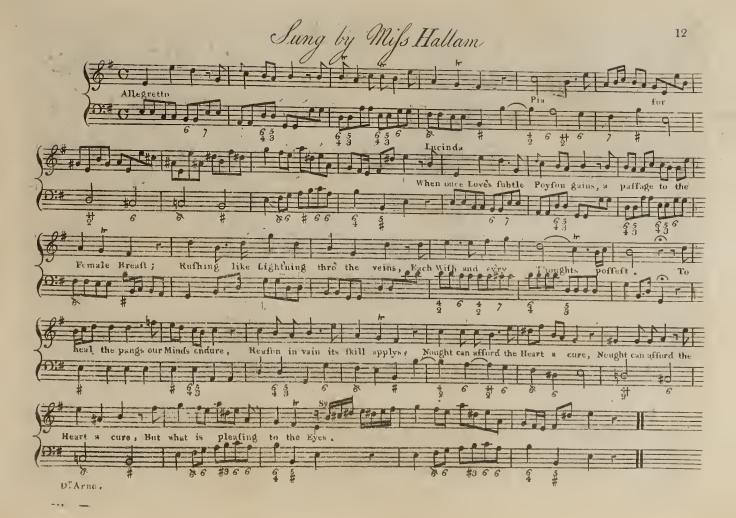


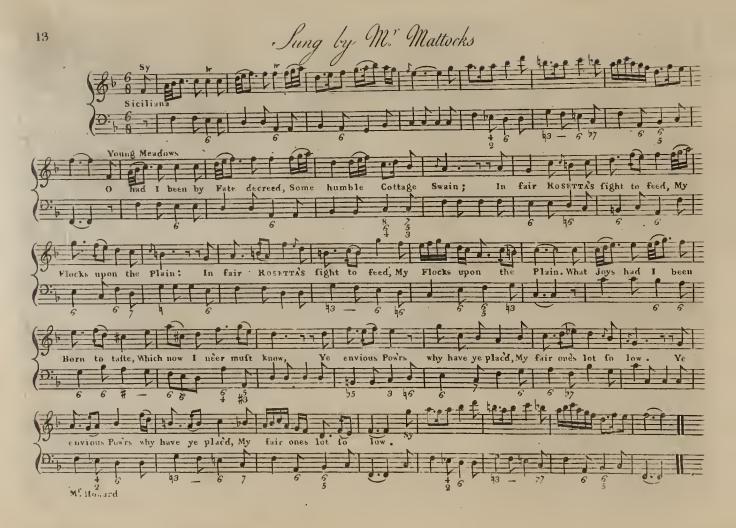


· Sung by · scife · Brent Confind thus, confind So flavish, so flavish a Spirit, Now fondled, now chid, and cham'd to a Log. tis leading the Life of a Dog . Dog , 1 Ares

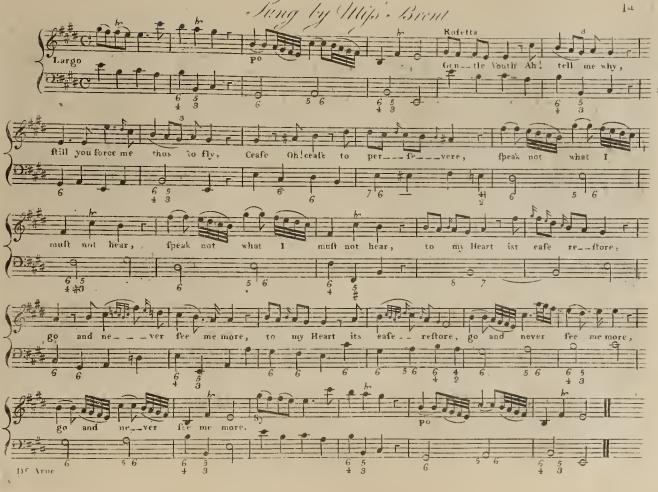


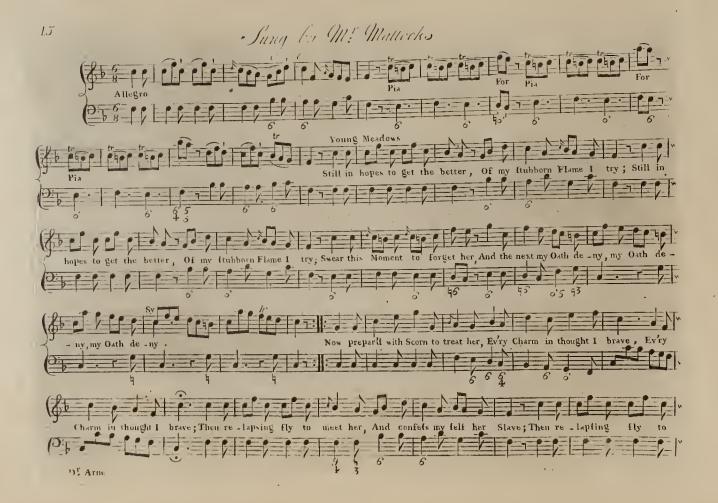


















For exercife Air
To the Fields I repair
With Spirits unclouded and light:
The Blifses I find
No Stings leave behind
But Health and discriping unite.

at Battin.





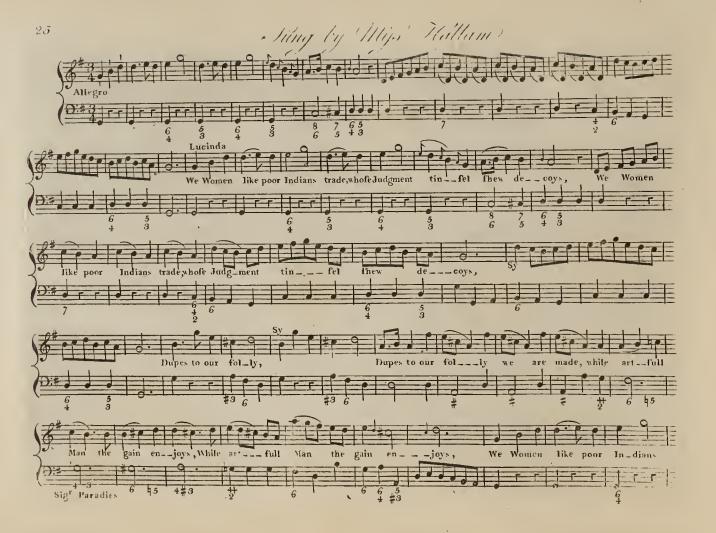


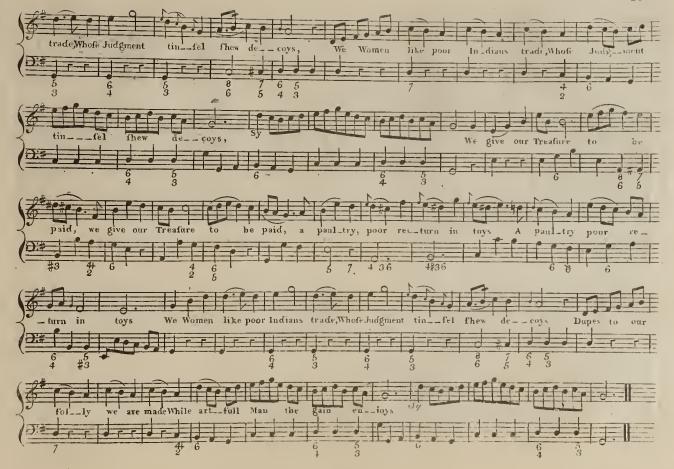








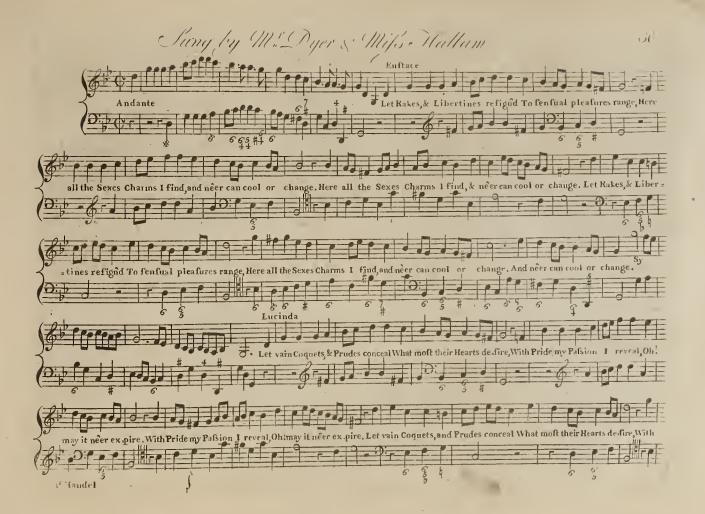


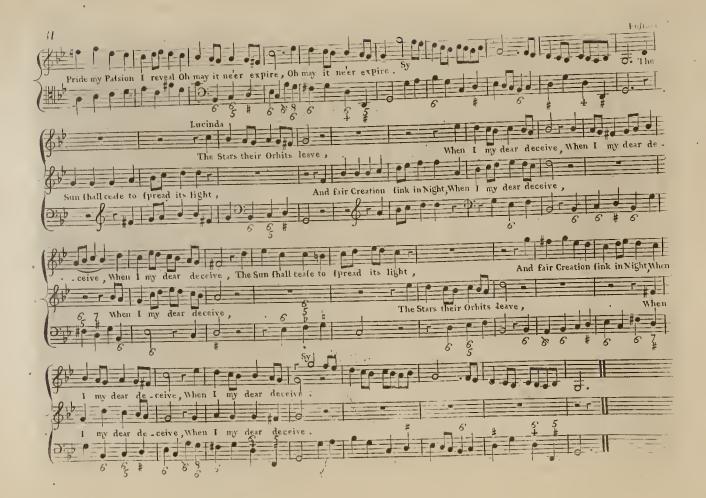


" Arm

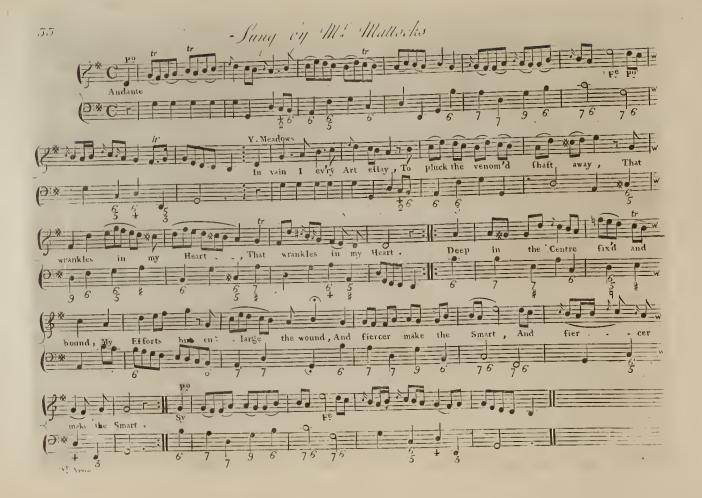






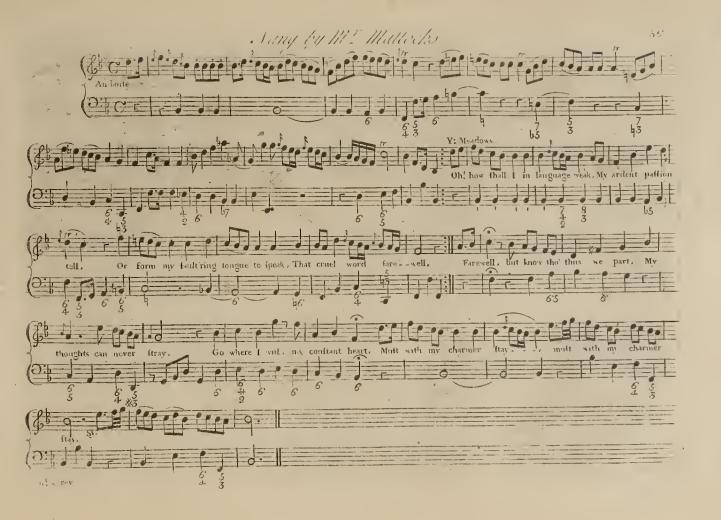




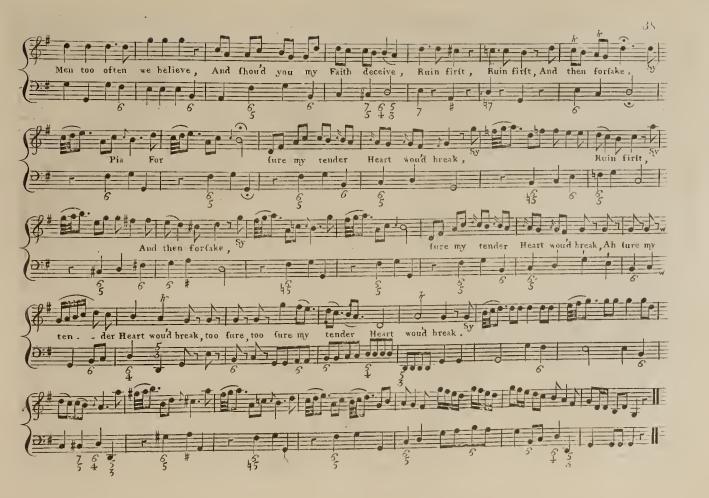






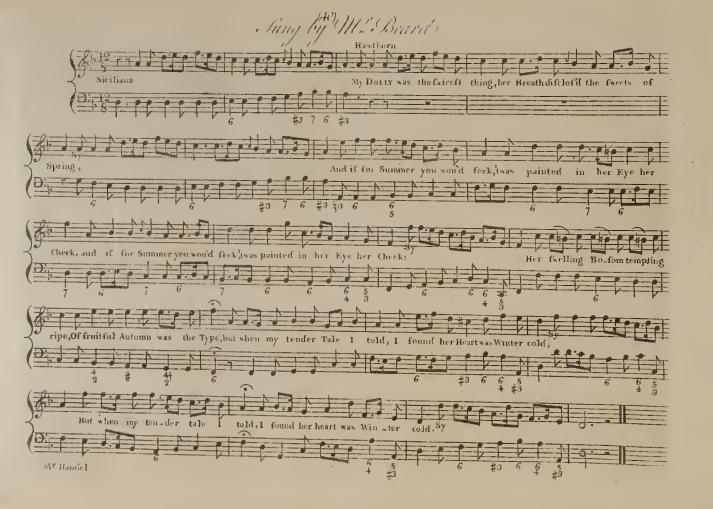


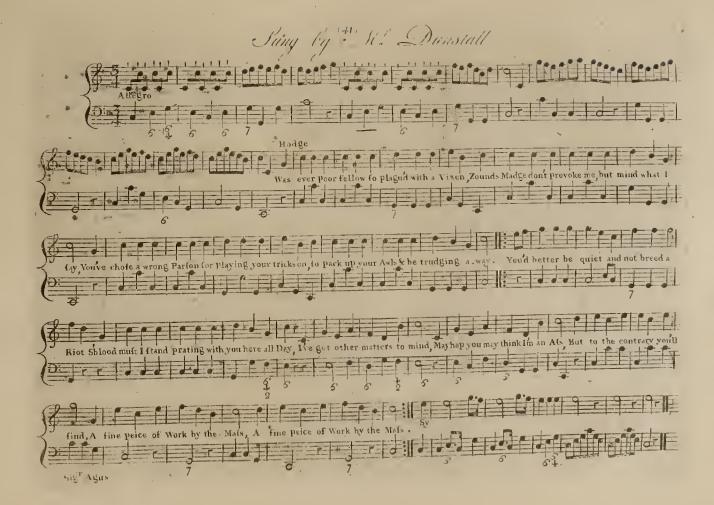






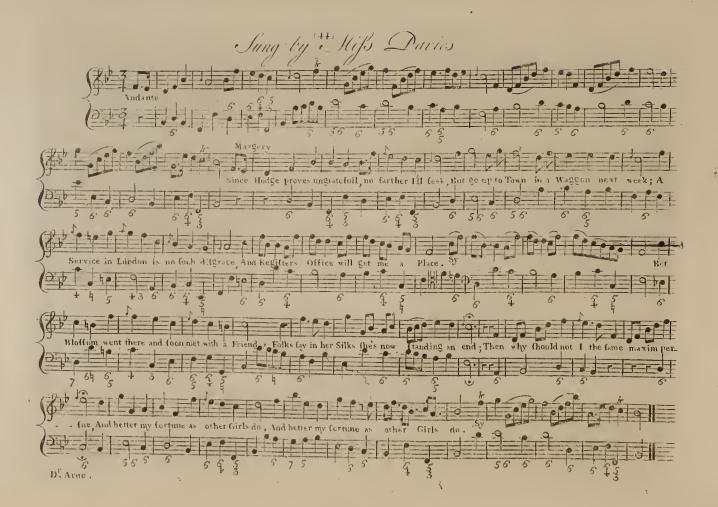


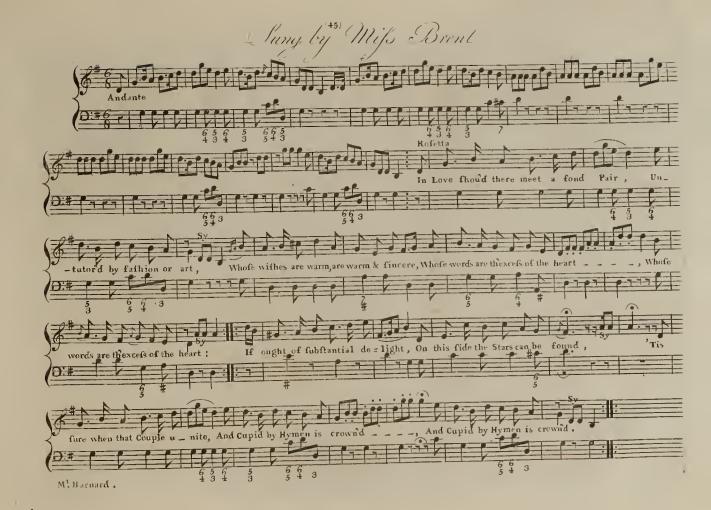








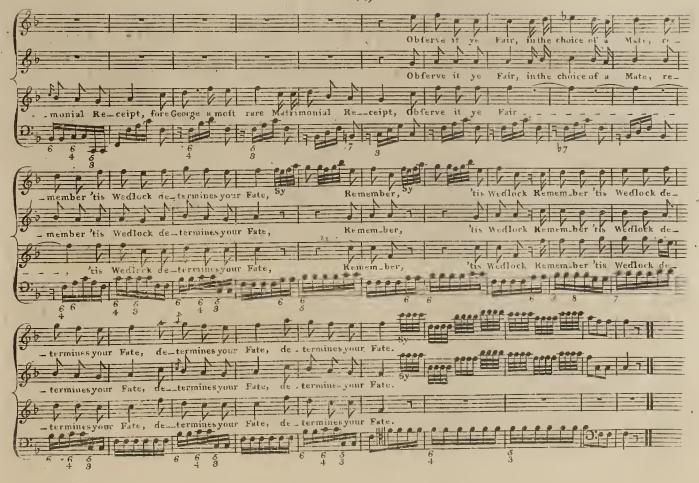


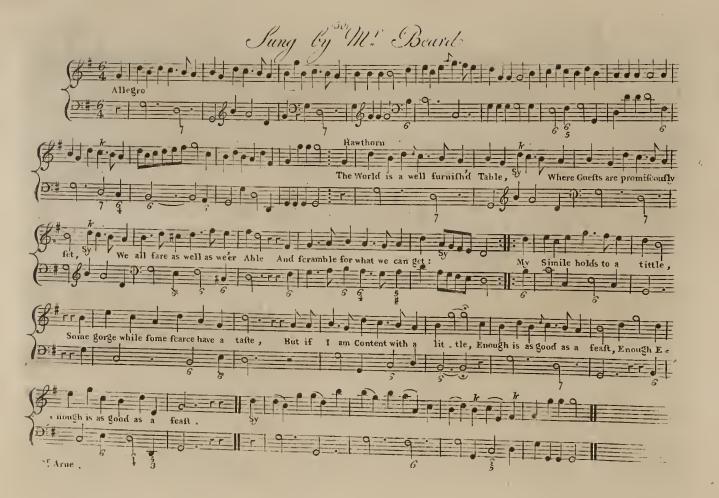




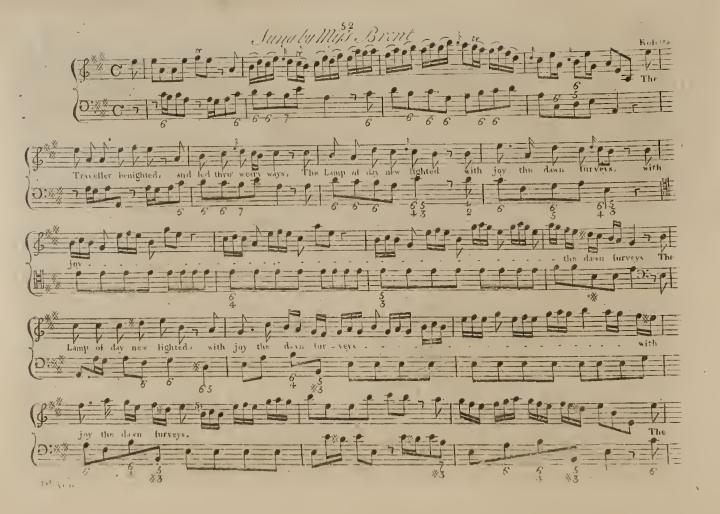










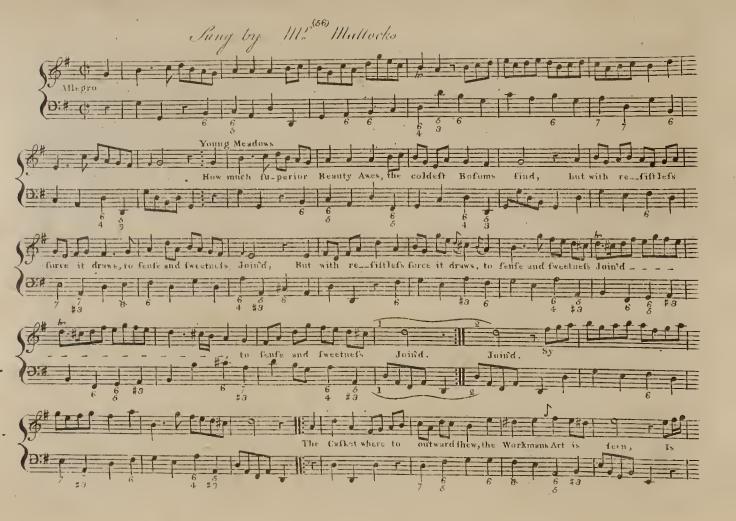


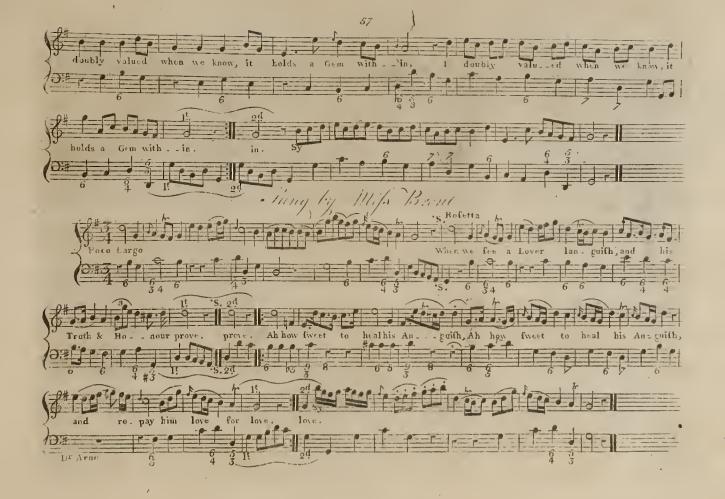














Sung by MIL Board Hawthorn If ever I'm catched in those Regions of smook That feat of confusion and Noise, May I neer know the sweets of a slumber unbroke, Nor the pleafures the Sin, joys , The pleafures the Country en . . joys ; Nay more let them take me to punith my fleece; Clap me up with their Monsters cry Masters walk in, And shew me for two pence a gaping the Cockneys they piece, Cry Mafters walk in, And shew me for two pence a =3 D. Boyce

